

Acephalous Mouth: of wounds and scars

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An autobiography of an organ cannot be anything but the autobiography of my mouth.

Acephalous Mouth: all mouths are acephalous; compositions of the mouth render off all traits of the head and heading processes ... The mouth is irreducibly cold and demonic to the head and its sphere. It strategically affirms the head to (un)envelope itself as a leakage organ, or rather a clandestine *processus* of ungrounding (ex-huming) ... an upheaval, an anonymous crack or rupture in the head's security system. Remember this formidable point when you stare at a mouth or kiss it; the mouth of capital, the mouth of desire, the mouth of Styx, the howling mouth of a hound, the mouth of a lover coupling with the mouth of a beloved in an inter-dimensional diffusion. The only production of mouth is infestation, to be exact, infesting the head's productions to the point of possession (as a mutating *ungrund*) in which one can find anything *beside her/himself* in a contaminative proximity (contamination as a terminal base-communication), where all referential geometries fail to address and localities are ungrounded: an ultimate diabolic intimacy (through $p/0$) [1] ... or possession. [isn't possession the mother of all communications? ... the Mother of Abominations?]

The mouth is a chamber of thousands of larvae, each germinating an acephalous mouth, cannibal to the other, serving the other as a meal. The entire culture of eating and oral phenomena, wounds and the infesting holes which Artuad frequently diagramed in his poems are incubated in such a pestilential immensity trying to consume all solid parts, leaving only the absolute of Void or *the ne plus ultra of the Unfilled*, but what really happens is the unfolding of an unclean earth (a New Earth? [Deleuze]), a *terra incognita* in the sense of defilement and mess, whose base-lines dissipate across delirious distributions of voids (oral cavity, etc.) and solids, ravening each other (I've born to mess) and not producing the *uncondition* (absolute?) of the solid-purged Void but triggering a defiled space of a non-economical and feculent anarchy (a terminal composition of an artificial softness), a compositional mess of mouths half-chewing each other, mutating to things never complete, wandering in the route of becoming minor, of things proliferating themselves in failure of scales, dimensions and *metrons* [2], of coils of solids and void incapable of excommunicating each other to the point of absolute purgation (*the ne plus ultra of the Unfilled*) but contaminating, enzyming, chewing and debasing themselves to bewildering clots of a black mud whose evaporation is imminent; call it the *corpse of solidus*, the terminal composition, a composition whose bonds proliferate and unground scales, an artificial composition which engineers a fatal and contaminative softness, anonymous to Man and Nature. Voiding process (or if one prefers, the wound-inflicting process) composes solid as waste and unrecyclable filth; what it does, is not the exclusion of solid but strategically inflicting fibroproliferation (fibrosis or excessive scarring) upon it, triggering the overhealth pandemonium of solidity itself; differentiating solid to *blurring* (but not eradicated) vermicular clusters in failure of *metrons* (scales, measure, dynamic appropriations of the ground): wads of badly chewed meats, labyrinthine bite-wounds with teeth left in them and getting septic, thousands of mutant mouths, lands made of callus, or the wounds (contamination of solid and void) healed but gone awry in confused distributions of solids and voids -- spreading cicatrix. Voiding process is all impassionate for a demented solid. Healing wound, of course, is a motif of remedy and counter-poisoning. However, the healed wound is always a mark of facelessness or the alien face under decay (but not the face of an alien); it becomes a fetish, an erotic differentiating zone, a wet commodity sliding silently out of economical *affordance* (J. J. Gibson) of micro / macro-structural economies, a mark of being a traitor or a black and blackening mark that draws itself as one's nefarious fetish on which sexual and base-illnesses are replicated and envenom the environment [3]. The viral disorder of seduction unleashes itself, refracts and diverges throughout corrupted convolutions of such artificial gaps (scars germinated over wounds), liquidated mirrors (skin gone awry?), folds of scars, mess-ruptures and voiding processes. A scar endures as a blue wound; inhuman sexualities converge on the scar as an unground or a wasteyard of the

anthropomorphic libido which gradually transforms into a toxic dumpsite. There is a filth machine behind every wound-healing process (surplus of membranes), behind every granulation of skin, every architectural policy, every paranoid assemblage, every tectonic modulation, every survival or subsistence economy; Healing process aids the migration of epithelial cells, bridging wound lips, sewing up the body of the wound, thermo-economically maintains a nexus of connexions by intensifying all productions and distributions of membranes and tissues; it initiates the dynamic deposition process of solid, to be precise, the scarring process. But these consolidating machineries of relief and remedy are all strategies of pest-warfare: scarring process (or 'wound salvation') strategically continues *to heal* after the virtual disappearance of traumas, vomiting health into the body in a frantic tide toward 'survival overload' (Overhealth diagrams the pestilential mutation of health as a tactical appropriation of survival to a strategy, a blackening plague), extra-organizes the organization to a dimensionality wreckage. The cipher of healing process is solidity near to be fucked up.

In a similar way, David Porush's inspiring compendium of remarks on Multiple Sclerosis and scars [4] unearths the lineaments of the scar through a space stripped naked by a stark silence: the scar has no concealing function for the wound; it reinvents the wound on a strategic plane, within another space which knows nothing of solid and void -- a silent catastrophe. It ciphers the wound; or to be exact, makes it hollower, closer to Zero (*Cipher: Saffira: Sifr*) but since the scar is away from the annihilative machinery of Zero (follow its strategic passion for healing), it is widely *anonymous* even in the sense of Zero. Mute Encryption.

Solid surrenders itself to the Plague right from where its 'Will to Cure' rises. The 'Will to Cure' is the 'Will to Trash'. Health is its own trashcan, a sphere whose collapse is not triggered by the viruses of the Outside but by an economic collapse promoted and actuated through an immense hunger for survival, an anti-vitalistic health and an autonomous network of health trying to exceed the boundary of the 'survival-of-the-fittest' panorama (a survival ordinance which pertains to an obsolete economy of despotic solidity), exploring the most profane depths of survival: overhealth.

"Trash is always closer to the unconscious." (B)

()hole: Every wound is an amphibian: Like the hole-infested things, mouth turns to a wound. Wounds take fluxes flowing on the solid ($\text{Flux or } f = \text{Power or } p \text{ passing over a Surface or } s; f = p / s$) to fatten themselves and automatically transmute them to the anonymous intensities or base-flows which are transmitted through the contamination (ambiguity) of solid and void or more accurately, the surface and the wound-hole. Such anonymous intensities appear as the body-melting floods of base-intensity or plague (I have heard of the bodies thawing into wounds); this is what a wound does to the body ... what a wound does to the body is the extra-communication of filth.

However, through the horizon of vivisection (*vivus* + dissection), one keeps returning to the Aesculapian problem posed by anatomy and other dissection-oriented regimens of body inspection and spatial reasoning, that wound is a passageway for assemblages of reason. Here, the wound is accompanied and mapped by an appropriated depth made of scales, *metron* (measure, judgment, dynamic appropriations of the *grund*) and layers of analysis investigated through a phenomenological incision of a surgical devise empowered by a utilitarian and efficient coldness: a surgical cut inflicted by a concentrative and intelligently practical logic. Here, wound becomes a space of hierarchical cut (frequently consists of bumping subjectification / signification processes into anything surfaced, discovered or revealed through the surgical opening and its economical entrance). Stigmata, in a similar way, transmit the arch-face of the Christ to the space of wound which consequently transforms into a mark corresponding to those ripened on a cross, those portraying a cross wherever they appear. Stigmata simulate an invisible Cross, an invisible and internalized trellis supporting the transcendence and phototaxis of a face toward the Arch-Face, the Redeemer. This is of course an unsophisticated and somehow a banal political stand against the wound and its sinister convalescence. Political tactics against the wound vary from characterizing the wound through hemodynamic derangements (pseudo-fluxes) to the stealth appropriation (wrapped in anthropomorphic desire) of the wound as a liberalist

projection of being open or being open toward the outside; but the wound only diagrams radical butchery of radical openness: being lacerated and laid open.

If we take the wound -- a feverish irritation over Zero -- as an instance of a radical (and not grounded) invagination, or vagina as an excessively enriching (extravagant) experience of the wound (experience of Zero) that knows nothing of lack, loss or castration, then, I tend to reconsider penis as a scar or a wasted accumulation of solid left through the paranoid machinery of healing process over Zero which on its superficial course of action is an economical recovery from Zero and through its stealth and strategic space is a fibroproliferative scar over Zero (solidity under decay) or more precisely, a strategic and frantic affirmation toward wound; it is an occurrence of 'p / 0', a demented anonymity. Now, what is a radically butchered male organ with swelling roots and scars spread over them? A double-strategy? Every breath of the wound is a hex put on the survival economy. Anything excreted by the wound is a strategy. Scar is a disloyal strategy, a plague whose symptom is logorrhea (*logos + rhoia*: flow) whose laminar stream is replaced by a squandering flow showering Zero with mess extracted from the compositional space of solid. A wound in its vicious irony is not a channel regime for hemodynamic traumas; it is the scar that hemorrhages into wound through an anonymity quaking between arrival and emergence. In the cult of Zero, there is no need to pull the scabs, just try to lay them everywhere; proliferate them recklessly. On a strategic level, every wound affirms its own scar (p / 0). The mouth is also a terminal composition of wounds and scars, of Zero and p / 0. On the other hand, the mouth, the wound and the scar, all inter-connect with each other and in certain deliriums, they mutate to the compositional multiplicities of themselves.

How many mouths can you find in your body? Which one is yours? All *references* (works of heading process) and questions regarding the mouth eventually crash into the machinery of 'Where', not 'where' as a question, or in regard to the spatio-economical foundations (Genesis at work) of localities, dwelling / accommodating systems (*wohen* and *raum*), cognitive maps or proximity but 'Where' that insinuates the openness of the *unground* [5]. This is the unground machinery of 'Where', namely, the anonymous meshwork of contagious lines, contamination of solid and void (scarring mess), epidemic openness (whereness), becoming imperceptible, base-participation or *p / 0*, before which the *tectonic* modulations of dwelling / accommodating systems are transfixed and slimed in horror. 'Where' is rats, slithering rats, with their proliferating rates of speed, unnamed plasticity, crypto-rhythms, chains of *contagia*, electric rabies; They exhume caverns, catacombs, hills, plains and traces; They are on the course of *katabasis* (experiencing the depth and rendering the depth as an experience) at all times: feeding on dimensions, propagating scales on a fraction whose denominator has been uncoated by Zero and never originates as One through multiplicative inverse, though it is anonymous even to Zero; it is death-mess. Rats germinate two kinds of surface cataclysm as they travel and spanning different zones, one is the static damages in the form of the ruptures rendered by internal splits, uplifts, dislocations and thrusts which expose the surface to paroxysmal convulsions and interruptions (the fold of split physiology); the other is the dynamic anomaly of seismic waves dissipating as the rats flow in the form of tele-compositions: while their compressions / decompressions proliferate their rates of speed, their replacements and permutations in the composition (pack) forge a de-contouring machine marring the elevations on given references, setting rats free, giving them the ability of a miniature flight. That is how, as they run, they appear evaporating both surfaces and themselves. Aristophanes and Bacchylides speak of the birds flying through *Khaos*, this unrestricted enthusiasm to flow (*kheisthai*); but, no one asked what kind of birds they are; Wingless? Taxidermized? Metallic? Decapitated? Eyes evacuated with a penknife?... No, they are rats, thousands, millions of them. Rats write a molecular epic.

It is the Night of 'Where' by whose virulent mutations the questioning *where* can be enunciated and vocalized, then again as an enfeebled noise through Possession ... 'Where' is the spellbound horror of Becoming; as becoming is the metallurgic blade-edge of *where*, its slaughtering, contaminating edge. ... "Where is Moby Dick?" (Moby Dick, Herman Melville) [6] inter-connects with the twisted nether of becoming. All questions are infested by *Where*; it is the gaseous spirit of all questions, a vermicular horror crawling freely in the brain of all questions and finally dangling as their nervous system. 'Where' can only be

experienced as a pandemic disease or more precisely the Unground through which epidemic openness [7] and its contagious lines spread and multiply. Each line of openness is a venereal affirmation toward *where* or the *unground*. Affirmation, too, is an ungrounding strategy traversing radical openness. What a horror when someone moans 'Yes'. Once again, it is perhaps an intellectual joke to consider Nietzschean affirmation [8] as something liberating, bringing a non-hierarchical economy, an open society or worse, a white theology (theology is white, a purging white) or the White promised land of Katharsis. Affirmation is an ultimate pest-warfare ... it pumps cosmic filth right into the mouth of strategy that in turn vomits it into the mouth of the divine, the mutant dead God (Mutant Dead God to cosmos: "come in my mouth.") Affirmation has not been machinated to bring dwelling / accommodating horizons of accessibility, unrestricted economy, promised lands and openness in the sense of an eternal happiness; it does not terminate or neutralize hierarchies, dimensions, boundaries and solid 'cast and mould' process ... it does not render off the *theatrical volume* (Lyotard). Strategically, affirmation operates as an infection -- an orgasmic YES exfoliating on syphilis -- it invests more and more dimensions, entangling them into defunct convolutions of solids thawing as contiguous fluids with a necrophilic lust for evaporation. Affirmation triggers openness in the sense of mess, in the sense of pandemic (an unnamable vastness) of a disease, pest immensity or inter-dimensionality. Affirmation (and to affirm) is a strategy not a philosophic / spiritual blueprint, overlapping the regulated(ing) desire of Openness (as *being open*) by the cyclone of opening (*being* lacerated and laid open), that is to say, *being open* and *opened* at one time. ... being lacerated open in blood, vomit, contagious fluids, etc; openness is not so clean: You can see its little filth vortices on Rudolf Schwarzkogler's infernal body, you can see him as a wo(man) whose body gone mad, introduced to the mess engineering of openness and finally liquidated as a thick scum with a suicidal instinct ... you cannot hear his voice but just his groans reverberating as sickly softened YEEAHHs; there is no YES when you are lacerated open, when you experience the end of possibility of your closure. His voice got sick as a faint click of a jackknife slashing the last articulated joint of the body. In Openness, the body is all *aktionized*. [9]

Openness is the germinal immensity of pest, a contaminating laceration yawning through the bodies or compositions of all kind, luring them into a radical butchery (being lacerated, cracked and laid open); it is the unground of the defiled. Mouth is engineered by *Where* and 'where' is the question that inevitably is germinated in the mouth. Finally one comes to ask, "where is my mouth, where is the mouth after all?" but this is not yet the multiplying question of *where* or even the final loathing nihilism of the mouth one puts into question; it is only a mutation (a phantom voyage through darkness), a little ground (questioning 'where?' is a transcended *interrogation* over the ground) on the (un)Thing without Genesis, the epidemic openness of the Unground. Following the machinery of *where*, the mouth is not the oral cavity of a vampire dramatized with the fanged-like teeth (Nosferatu) by which it scoops out two channels on the prey's neck and lapping blood from their lower ends or the two fanged holes on the neck of the prey ... it is the machinery of *contagia* or base-participation, it is *where*, which nucleates infection (and makes all its symptoms possible), the hive of epidemics, an *ungrund* that crawls between the vampire and the prey, confounding all linear linkages between and around them, disarraying and subverting the syntactical proximity of the possessor and the possessed, consuming both the vampire and its prey into its oral debauchery soiled with the clotted carnage of death-mess: a ()hole with an evaporative W. All aspects of pest-warfare open such an oral unground and inter-dimensionality, it is also the case of a leech and a necrophilic who exhumes [10]. Hirudo leech (of Gnathobdellida) secretes an anticoagulant enzyme to prevent blood clotting or dissolving clots, keeping blood flowing through the base-continuity of libidinal speed(s) or the 'molecular chain' (Deleuze); leeching (exhuming) the white wall / black hole of the faciality machine; in this case, the leech syringes out blood unnoticed in a continuous process that may take several months. Leech is a mouth acolyte. Vampires rendered (un)dead through the mess, neither life nor death. Lord Lytton's 'The Vampire' (1886) meets such a heterogeneous incapacitation of subjectification process (that continues the debasing process of all conjunctive / disjunctive features of the *grund* and its Genesis economy): vampires emerge through an exposure to a necrophilic mess; they are not created; they are neither created nor specialized (surface specializations of the ground) as the agents who merely suck blood or spectral colonialists, but they are summoned from exhumed surfaces, from the deepest collisions and labyrinthine compositions of solid and

void, the fibroproliferation of surfaces and voiding process, from the compositions of wounds and scars and their fibro-proliferative meltdown: Death-Mess.

Oral manifestations of openness: Because of excessive oscillations engineered by shedding vortices between the mouth's solid and void compositions, wholeness of the mouth is imploded, washed out and evaporated in a collapse of material and space. Border falloff. In prey and pray, silence and noise, laughing and screaming, mouth unloads the invasions of a devouring openness.

One can never dwell in this oral *unground* of base-communication but as a meal. Subjectivity can only authenticate its presence in reaction to enzymic salivations of the mouth; it is merely fabricated, accumulated and celebrated as a meal, a dished food.

All we can understand is meal not the mouth ... our economies are architected through the recognition, production, marketing, formatting and trade of meal; Meal (being as a meal) calibrates productions and exchanges, becomes the ground of subjectivity and its dissembling lines: 'I' and 'We' as the cartographies of (being) meal (I am a meal, therefore I exist.) ... The taste of subjectivity and the subjectivity of taste unfold beneath the economy of meal fastened to that which we politically obscure as *consuming culture*. Shackling the mouth to the so-called restricted economy, Hegelism and taste is a stupid effort to hide the nihilistic carnage of mouth, a parsimonious philosophy originating from our 'being as mere meal' ... it is whitewashing our domesticating hunger, jealousy and racial segregation that we undertake against the mouth, bashing our heads to the worst aspects of subjectivity -- is it just for celebrating the glory of being meal or covering our hunger for domestication? Adding Hegelism to the lineaments of eating and consuming then binding them all to the mouth is the final revenge of philosophy; a pet-warmachine that critico-paranoid judicial system of subjectivity motivates to take the revenge of 'being as mere meal' on the mouth [11]. Ascribing restricted economy to the mouth, in the same vein, is a modest representation of this catastrophic inaptitude; that all we can understand is meal. *Weltanschauung* immolates (sprinkles with sacrificial meal) matter in corridors of meal bureaucracy (chopping up the matter, stocking, refrigerating and transporting it, making it labor-friendly, ..., ornamenting it with trade-marks and then serving it; what we love to discuss is *digestibility*.) The mouth does not eat when it eats ... it does not consume when it consumes. Messing up meal, messing up taste, infesting meal with possession and strategic illusions (taste?), these are the eating and consuming night-mares of the mouth. Here, vampires crawl in to disseminate viral food chains. (The vampire is a legion of the mouth, it messes up meal and its economies.) What we see as the mouth is also a meal; a mouth through possession. Then again, I ask, where is the mouth? ... and I become ... I seek to become *A Good Meal* [12].

The mouth is a loss, not in the sense of the absolute and solid-purged void but the corpse-of-solidus.

Then what is a junk food for the mouth?

Exhumation (call it a perverse ungrounding; ex + *humus*: ground) is the only communication, the mouth understands. The mouth takes the gluttonous and predatory lines of openness to exhume the head, 'I' and the rest of their productions. Exhumation should not be mistaken for the erosion process or the negative fertilizer of solidity that uses the same abrasive engine which solidity (*solidus in circulation*) uses to dynamize and empower its territories in the form of unconsolidated but consolidating solids (fluvial / alluvial process, sedimentation process [13]) and the Aristotelian-based cycles of pseudo-flux (Aristotle himself points out that Genesis and its solid industry tend to *circulatory motions* as the ultimate machineries for fertilizing solidity, the ground and Genesis Project [14]). Exhumation is scavenging the ground, as of exhuming a tomb; it is a brutal ungrounding process.

Death-mess: exhumation is filth engineering, undoing all death-enveloped intensities that architectonic forces of paranoia (Oedipus race, graphism, etc.) exploit to simulate death through geometries of solidity

(Osseology, immaculacy, convectional economy, catharsis or the white purgation, Wittfogel's hydraulics or laminar flux, etc.); but it does not liberate them; it allows them to decay on the corpse-of-solidus (making them criminal toward themselves) where collapse is introduced to all conjunctive / partitive discourses of solidity, metrons and dimensions on and through which the con-solidation processes of all sorts run, invest solidity and finally collapse into a gaseous anonymity. Filth engineering of exhumation infects with Death-Mess; it re-simulates or extra-simulates (messing up) all simulations of death by the hands of solidity (Oedipus and its graveyards); however, this time the simulation is not meshed through architectonic spheres of solidity but on the corpse-of-solidus or the ungrounded(ing) ground in the form of a necrophilic story (messing with the corpse-of-solidus). Exhumation proliferates surfaces through each other (scarring cold and hot surfaces of a grave), introducing architectures to speeds of becoming -- becoming hot, becoming cold, being revolutionized by the dead and in the end becoming the indubitable cold; it transmutes architectures into excessive scarring processes (fibrosis ... fibroproliferation of surfaces) rendering off (colding them) the solid economy of membranes, of tissues and surfaces, engineering the corpse-of-solidus whose dimensionality blurs not to the point of a fading out terminus but to vermicular defunct coils of dimensions which cannot resist what crawls in and out; they cannot keep on negating each other any longer: ()holes, ()holes, ()holes (but not holes) with liquidated and now evaporating 'W's. Exhumation jacks pest-warfare into death-raum (Call it the architecture of necrocracy, Oedipus, the laminar flux, the body of despot, an organization or a tomb). What an agony for solidus when it discovers something other than Genesis and solidity not only simulates death but also sprays it with mess: after using water solutions and Soilex cleansing powder to extract the whiteness of bones, Jeffrey Dahmer sprayed the skulls of his preys with enamel spray paint (type: granite color) to make them look artificial. Asiatic peace [15] has bitten the occident to death-mess long ago, ... and still exhuming, leeching it unnoticed ...

The necrophilic mouth of exhumation vomits the corpse-of-solidus and its architectures ... all it vomits is corpse, the vile bodies of frantic communications, contaminative and strategically solid-corrupting.

Under the *face* (white wall / black hole), there is the corpse-of-solidus, a potential hunger for ungrounding and being ungrounded; a chthonic darkness imminent to sur-face.

Autobiography of my mouth: There is an 'it' behind every 'I' decomposing on my solid part, copulating with my yawning ecstasy. There is a lust for infection when pronouns erupt in the mouth in the guise of foul belches; it is also a cannibalistic urge ... you are ravened, swallowed, then vomited and sickened out, but you are here, your taste in the form of a salty sludge surfacing my rotting membranes, an industrial thin film of waste ... no matter how I try or how many times I spit, you won't be erased, you are here for eternity; now, let's have an intercourse ... I give you a head. Thus far, I am a mouth, a rathole ... and I am a vagina, an anus, a piss hole, a dead pixel on the screen and the slot of all slot machines; because I'm a ()hole, a plastic spirit, a mimic machine, an ever-softening composition. All mouths are possessed. Contra exorcistic ideas on possession as an exchangist, colonial and docile communication or a thermodynamic network (vocalization of the possessor or the possessed) in a *diabatic* movement toward assembling the economical polarity of the possessor and the possessed that is endlessly represented by the polemics of orientations through the channel-guide of signifier (in a parallel discourse, philosophy tries to decolonize (exorcises) the mouth to liberate all productions of meal bureaucracy, seizing meal from the mouth to put it on auction at its own supermarkets), the mouth never tries to set itself free from the full body; here, exactly, lies the insidious desire of mouth as a strategy: it does not revolt (what is its revolt?) to precede or escape the full body, to devour its organness, to leave the domesticating sphere in which it is labeled as an organ or an apparatus of servitude ... or gulping down the entire body into its defiled nihilism, but on the contrary, it does try to be attached to the body as an organ to be a suicidal unground by which the body, eternally, is introduced to the horror of Possession (Whose mouth is this, you are talking with? Where is your mouth?); this is why the mouth yells to be an inseparable part of the face, the white wall / black hole of subjectification and signification. *Where* or the *Ungrund*, both interconnect with Possession or where not only 'I' but also all avatars of *cogito* mutate to a contaminative slime (a soft wreckage) and the only Thing remains is the desolated space of 'it' as the mutating composition of this slime. Possession is being open and opened:

nothing is identifiable in possession whether as the possessor or the possessed. The mouth is an intermediate nihilistic (and parasitic) machine bringing the proliferative gloom of possession. Both the full body and the organ (and the rest of tectonic appropriations of the ground), by necessity, must communicate (exist as a meal) through a mouth that is to say right through possession: the diabolic chemistry of *unground* and epidemic openness; ... where *the Thing* is rootless, unsettled and traverses *Where*.

The mouth is where 'I' is enzymed to 'it' ... introduced to *unground* ... 'I', what an excretory product; let's pimp it out.

Notes:

[1] *p* = Power (*Macht*), and for exploring the diagrams of *p/0*, this diabolic intimacy (or ungrounded closeness) and its delineations, see: Reza Negarestani, "Death as a Perversion: Openness and Germinal Death", *CTheory*, Online. http://www.ctheory.net/text_file.asp?pick=396, 2003; and *Pestis Solidus: On the Economy of Pseudo-flux*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/pestis.pdf>, 2002.

[2] Metron (Greek origin), hidden in the English words such as *Dimension* (from *dimetiri*: *measure out*), meter, etc. With a prominent reference to the famous doctrine of Pythagoras, "Man is the *metron* of everything" (*pantôn chrematôn metron anthrôpos*), metron can be translated as Scale, Measure, Standard, and Value. According to Sextus Empiricus *metron* expresses *criterium* (scale, measure) but as seen by Heraclitus and Sophocles, it certifies *dominance*, domination over something. Therefore, metron indicates both measures and dimensions (whether as in the critique of power or the *grund*) inter-connect with power, justifying, reasoning and philosophy or the science of the *grund*. The critique of metron diagrams how dimensions (namely metrons) bring power into effect, then, mobilizing and propagating it through autonomous fields of metornic fluxes or pseudo-flux (it also shows how metron has been established as the ultimate fluxional machinery (dynamism) of power, solidity and their productions, as a (re-)animator. Additionally and more significantly, it discusses metron (both in its flexible and rigid attitudes) as an invisible (and extremely complex) work-ground on which Solidity and Power overlap each other and dissolve into a 'hydraulic grid of circulatory metrons' or genesis (Genesis project) or *survival economy* through which all dynamisms are the complex conveyances or transportations (means of resettlement, mobility, transferral and dynamic fertilization) of solidus or the *grund* i.e. lines of the ground or solidus machinery which process and necessitate solidity as the surplus value of *solidus in circulation* (Solidity is not rigidity, it is the surplus value of pseudo-fluxes, or the ground mobilized through metrons.), as the only *origination* through Genesis Project. Through survival economy, everything dynamic or flowing is signified by metron. 'Solidus-in-circulation' is the economic network of the *grund* armed with the lines of pseudo-flux and metornic dynamisms. The dynamism of metrons installs the *grund* as a signified *fluvius* or fluvial process. For additional references on metron, see: Witold Kula, *Measures and Men*, Princeton University Press, 1986. And R. Negarestani, *Pestis Solidus: On the Economy of Pseudo-flux*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/pestis.pdf>, 2002.

[3] Scars as Rosi Braidotti suggests (especially on Ballard's *Crash*) are the impact zones of the *metallic other*, ... "object of admiration and aberration, irresistibly attractive." Rosi Braidotti, *Metamorphoses: Towards a Materialist Theory of Becoming*, Cambridge: Polity Press, 2002.

[4] David Porush, *MS Scars* at <http://www.MSscars.net>, 2002.

[5] On 'Unground' and 'Where', see: R. Negarestani, *Cata-: Remarks on Depth and Darkness* Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/cata.html>, 2002; and *Pestis Solidus: On the Economy of Pseudo-flux*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/pestis.pdf>, 2002.

[6] Also see: Francois Zourabichvili, "Six Notes on the Percept (On the Relation between the Critical and Clinical)", trans. Iain Hamilton Grant, in Paul Patton (ed.), *Deleuze: A Critical Reader*, Oxford & Massachusetts: Blackwell Publishers, 1996, pp. 188-216.

[7] On 'epidemic openness', see: R. Negarestani, "Death as a Perversion: Openness and Germinal Death", *CTheory*, Online. http://www.ctheory.net/text_file.asp?pick=396, 2003; and *A Good Meal*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/meal.html>, 2002.

[8] On Nietzschean affirmation, Mutant Dead God and Strategy see: R. Negarestani, *A Good Meal*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/meal.html>, 2002.

[9] For more information on Schwarzkogler and Vienna Actionism, see: Brus, Muehl, Nitsch, Schwarzkogler: *Writings of the Vienna Actionists*, Malcolm Green (ed.), London: Atlas Press, 1999.

[10] On necrophilia and exhumation as (ex + *humus*: ground) see: R. Negarestani, "Death as a Perversion: Openness and Germinal Death", *CTheory*, Online. http://www.ctheory.net/text_file.asp?pick=396, 2003; and *From the coldness of the ground to the perversion of coldies*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/mb/messages/175.html>, 2003.

[11] The formula of revenge that philosophy applies on the mouth is not only an oversimplification transmitting the anthropomorphic terror but also is a tactic for replacing the epidemic and germinal complexity of mouth with a grotesquely domesticated system of politics.

[12] On *A Good Meal*, see: R. Negarestani, *A Good Meal*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/meal.html>, 2002. Nick Land, *A Morbid Snack*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/mb/messages/131.html>, 2003.

[13] Solidus uses flux as an abrasive engine, then, sediment or the deposition process is the non-dispositif abrasive machinery of the flux. It is the deposition process by which Mass leaves monolithic and coagulated systems, runs as the non-volumetric flux, the non-volumetric pseudo-flux of particles (displanted Mass) controlled not by bed-load but uprooted by torrential crisscross of the flux.

[14] On Pseudo-flux, the circulatory machinery of solidity, *grund* and Genesis Project, see: R. Negarestani, *Pestis Solidus: On the Economy of Pseudo-flux*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/pestis.pdf>, 2002.

[15] See R. Negarestani, *Asiatic Peace*, Online. <http://www.cold-me.net/text/asianpeace.html>, 2002.